

THEIR CHIEFS IN COUNCIL.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

AN ENTERTAINING LETTER FROM THE REV. THOMAS L. CUTLER, D. D., TO THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY, BY JOHN KNOX AND FRANCIS MACKENZIE. It has been looked upon the brilliant gathering on Wednesday evening in the brilliant Academy of Arts, they would have been astonished to see into what a "great tree" their Presbyterian mustard-seed had grown. Some birds of bright plumage, too, had flown across the seas to lodge in the branches thereof. The hall itself was a far finer one than New York could have furnished. It always like to see New York conceit taken down a peg when it comes over to staid, solid Philadelphia.)

The reception was a grand affair. Among the surprises of the evening was the happy way in which the Governor of Pennsylvania made his ecclesiastical allusions, and also the surprise of the foreign delegates to find the former commander-in-chief of the Union armies—Gen. McClellan—addressing them in the character of a Presbyterian elder! Dr. Cairns' speech was a good specimen of the "perfidious ingenuitas Scotorum." He grew so impassioned that he threw himself up and down like the walking-beam of an old-fashioned steam-engine. Scotch gestures are not always graceful, but they are prodigiously strong. But what an incredible amount of hand-shaking there was that evening! It was almost a "means of grace" to get a grip of some of those stalwart champions of the good old cause. Pleasant also was it to find the honored names of Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Williams. Ar not represented there by the daughters of their households.

Of the grand scene in the Academy of Music yesterday morning, many descriptions will be attempted, but it was simply indescribable. The very air was full of electricity. No one exactly envied Dr. Paxton when he rose to deliver the opening sermon for the august shade of Dr. William Adams seemed to be overhanging the rostrum. But before he was through, everybody was whispering to him, "There, brother Paxton, you are making the grand stroke of your life." It was not so much a sermon that he gave us, as a free forensic oration on the essential glories of Presbyterianism. His eloquence was as admirable as the structure of the discourse. When it was finished every Presbyterian in the house had grown at least six inches in stature.

All day long the blue badges of the members of the Council were conspicuous in the streets; and the foreign delegates were constantly stopped to answer questions about friends in the mother country. When I went into a barber's shop in the morning, the barber, looking at my badge, made the flattering inquiry, "Have you come to attend the 'butcher's parade'?" (For the knights of the cleaver and shambles made their annual display yesterday.) I gave him to understand that we had come to enjoy some roast beef at the Council, but not to slaughter any.

Dr. Breed's address of welcome was elaborate in historical allusions, but cordial and hearty. He said just what hospitable Philadelphia is doing. It is easier to do such kindnesses as Wagoner, Junkin, and Stuart to drive the machinery. The acoustics of Horticultural Hall are frightful, but the Committee of Arrangements could not secure the quarters which they desired.

Last evening Prof. Hitchcock managed to send his sharp, clean-cut sentences well down the long hall. Very inquisitive they were too—especially what he said about the ethical quality of true Christianity and the necessity of a higher practice of godly living. There were a great many affirmative nods among the assembly when he made his strong points. Principal Rainey, of Edinburgh, came to the platform with his paper under a high expectation, for his fame has preceded him across the water. But Dr. Rainey did himself some injustice by omitting various portions of his essay, and thus gave it a somewhat fragmentary character before the audience. It will appear in full among the published proceedings of the Council. To condense into thirty minutes any adequate view of "modern theological thought," would require an hydraulic press indeed.

I was prevented from hearing Dr. Grant's spirited paper on "Religion in Secular Affairs," and am obliged to break away, for a few days, from this attractive Council, by the demand of home duties. The Council has made a noble start. It meets, too, in the right place—in the city where a Scotch-Irish stock flourishes so vigorously on the soil of the peaceful Penn. Philadelphia is the historic heart of American Presbyterianism. Its atmosphere is charged with the teachings and the memories of Barnes, Brainerd, and Rockman. The assemblage of all these earnest, godly men from many lands ought to pioneer a Winter of precious power and prayer in this city of nearly one million souls.

CONSUMPTION OF PINE FORESTS.
A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from Alpena, Mich., says:
Alpena is one of the many Michigan towns that are springing up along the lake shores at the mouths of rivers whose tributaries flow through the great pine forests of the State. Every year throughout the constantly receding timber belt of Michigan, now reaching from the Saginaw Valley to the Straits of Mackinac, sufficiently large to float a raft of logs, becomes a highway between the lumber camps, wherein motley crews of men, gathered for a few winter months from all nations of the world, rob the forests of their precious pine. The time is near when the pine boarded by nature for pine in the bosom of her forests will be exhausted; when the rough woodman will have departed to other lands; when the saw mills, now bustling with life, will stand silent and deserted. What is to be the future of this region when that time shall arrive? It is to remain a useless waste, awaiting the slow restoration of its forests. It is certain that the agricultural value of the land stripped of its pine is improving to be much greater than was formerly supposed. Clearings are being made, and good crops of wheat, oats, hay, and potatoes

raised. A life of emigration in this way is following the woodchoppers, and converting the mutilated forests into prosperous farms. When the terrible forest fires of Michigan swept over ten thousand acres of pine land along the Lake Huron coast, south of Saginaw Bay, and destroyed whole towns, many lives, and millions of dollars worth of property, the lumbering interests were utterly destroyed. Not a single mill, I am told, in all that region has since been built. It was thought the fire had ruined the future of the burned district and that it would be henceforth valueless. These fires occurred the year of the Chicago fire, just nine years ago, and to-day this burned district is said to be the finest farming region of the State.

The destruction of the pines of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota is a matter of importance. How long will the forests of these three States, that contain the chief stores of pine timber on this continent east of the Rocky Mountains, continue to supply the enormous drains being made upon them? One example will show how rapid is the process of destruction. The Saginaw Valley formerly contained the largest and finest pine forests in the State of Michigan. Mill after mill was built along the banks of the river, until their united capacity reached six hundred million feet of lumber per year. To supply these mills the pine in the Saginaw Valley has been already in great part exhausted, and mill owners are obliged to bring logs from other rivers, often as far as one hundred and fifty miles distant, to supplement the stock of the Saginaw River. The output on that river has reached its climax. No more new saw mills are built or old ones replaced. The business must gradually diminish in volume until the Saginaw Valley, now the greatest lumber district in the world, shall hear the buzz of the saw no more.

Talking to a gentleman of Alpena, who has witnessed the growth of the lumbering business of that place since from its commencement, and whose business for years has kept him accurately posted as to the quantity and location of the pine in the Alpena district, he said that, dividing the number of millions of feet of pine timber tributary to the Alpena river by the annual capacity of the Alpena mills, it gave them fifteen years' supply. These figures agree very closely with those given me a few weeks ago by the president of the largest logging company on the Mississippi River, operating in the Wisconsin pines, a region that had been worked much less extensively than the Michigan pines. They would last, he said, thirty or forty years. The Minnesota pines are not so large as either of the others, and will probably not survive them. In from twenty-five to forty years the last tree will be cut, and the entire country from Maine to the Rocky Mountains must learn to live with meager quantities of pine lumber brought at great expense from distant countries.

The pines cannot be replaced. A full grown tree represents hundreds and hundreds of years of growth. I saw small pines, no larger around than a man's arm, bearing the scars made by the axes of the United States Engineers thirty-five years ago. What ages, then, must be required to produce a tree three or four feet in diameter? When these forests reach the condition of the pines of Maine and New York, and become extinct, no pines ones will take their places. A new soil built the new pines and marvel at the thoughtless wastefulness of his ancestors.

A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF QUID PRO QUIDO.
A newspaper correspondent mortified over a newspaper season on the Catalina: "One of the necessary preparations to the return home by the 'orders' is being weighed. Nearly every one attempts to gain weight, and nearly all do so." From two to ten pounds—average. The gain ranges. For 50,000 people this would give the comfortable gross amount of 500,000 lbs. of fat added to New York and Brooklyn. "Cath. Catalina" rejoins: "This is the net gain of the boarders—250,000 pounds of fat against \$1,000,000, showing human adipose tissue to cost \$4 per pound according to Greene and Uster county rates. Many delightful homilies may be preached on this text—Fat \$4 per pound." We are inclined to think that the writer underestimates the quality and value of this increase of substance. Probably the most of it is not adipose tissue, but firm muscle and other tissues of vital importance in the human economy. A record of increase in strength through Summer living among the hills would be worth having. The hotel keepers should provide little machines as well as scales.—*Scientific American.*

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